

THE
BARBACUE FEAST:
OR, THE
Three Pigs of *Peckham*,
Broil'd under an *Apple-Tree*:

WHERE

The Cooks were Numberless;
The Company Masterless;
The Meat Carv'd with Hatchets;
And Punch drank by Pail-fulls.

By the Author of *The Trip to Jamaica*.



L O N D O N,

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T H E

BARBACUE FEAST.

ABOUT a Month after *Midsummer* Moon, when the Brains of the *Rotberbitbeans*, in a sultry Day, happen'd to be over-heated with that *West-India-Diapente*, call'd *Kill-Devil Punch*, for the Reader's better Instructions, made of that odoriferous evil Spirit, according to the Language of the Small-coal-colour'd Heathen, most learnedly distinguish'd by the Name of *Rum*; which infernal Juice has so great an Affinity with *Train Oil*, both in Taste and Smell, that it causes a Man's Mouth, after a plentiful Dose, to become as fragrant to his Nostrils, as a Leather-Dresser's Work-house, or the Snuff of a Play-house Lamp, burnt into the Socket.

When the Amphibious Mortals afore-mentioned, had wash'd away the Heaviness of their lumpish Thoughts, in a greasy Ocean of this unctious Liquor, 'till by the powerful Ascendancy of the *American* Tipple, their Natures were so wonderfully chang'd, and their *English* Appetites so deprav'd and vitiated, that nothing would satisfy the squeamish Stomacks of the fanciful Society, but a Litter of Pigs most nicely cook'd after the *West-India* Manner; a Solemn Festival, which had usually been celebrated amongst the neighbouring Tarpaulins,

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but now agreed upon to be kept with as much Splendour and Decorum, as the Porculent Projectors could well contrive, for the Satisfaction of the Guest, as well as to the Honour of the principal Undertakers. Accordingly two of the most politick Forecasters were dignify'd by the rest, with the Title of Commissaries, one a Mathematician, whose Business was to see that all things were done upon the Square, and that no Man, to the Injury of the rest, should eat more than his Proportion; the other a Cooper, whose chief Imployment was to take Care that every Tub should stand upon its own Bottom, and not be overwhelm'd by an inordinate Excess, to the Scandal of the Company; so that the weighty Trust they had taken upon em to discharge, was like that of the Commissaries of an Army, viz. to take Care of the Provisions, and see em fairly distributed, that one Man might not keep fast, whilst another feasted. To these were added four Stewards, all Chips of the same Block; Ship-wrights by Trade, who all got their Money by Building of empty Vessels; and like true Tipple-Pitchers, delight to spend it in emptying of full ones. These were to sign and seal Tickets, deliver them out to all neighbouring Benefactors, to provide Bagpipes for the Bears, and to see that all Things were in Order for the Entertainment of the Guest; likewise to have the gainful Honour and Satisfaction of supplying all Deficiencies out of their own Pockets, when the Feast was over.

No sooner had they fix'd a Day for the comical Celebration of their Swinish Festival, but by as industrious a Search as ever was made by a charitable Alderman for an Alms-house Situation, after much Difficulty, they pitch'd upon a convenient Spot for the General Rendezvous, which by the Wisdom of the chief Rulers, was thought proper to be at *Peckham*, for what Cause I know not, except for the weighty Reason of *Pig* and *Peckham* beginning



beginning both with a Letter. Also generously considering, that when Swine are living, they have a profound Respect for *Pears* and *Apples*, they resolv'd, in Honour to the Memory of their Grillado'd Grunters, to devour 'em in an *Orchard*, where hungry Hogs, with unspeakable Satisfaction, love to exercise their Grinders with delicious Wind-falls.

When the leading Dons of the grand Solemnity, had thus far proceeded with very joyful Success, a Hoggard coming by with a Drove of young Shoats, whipping along his untowardly Companions with as much Severity as ever *Busby* jirk'd a Scholar, or a *Jamaica* Planter a stubborn *Negre*. This gave them a lucky Opportunity of buying up their live Stores, which they as readily laid hold on, as a Pick-Pocket would of a Purse that hung convenient, for his Purpose. *Where are you driving your Hogs, Brother?* says a Steward to the Swineherd: *To a fair Market I hope, Brother,* says the Swineherd to the Steward. *I want three of thy Skaats, if thou'lt sell 'em me,* crys the Buyer to the Seller. *You may be sure I won't give 'em you,* replies the Hog-man to his Chapman. *Thou answerest like a cross-grain'd Fellow,* says another of the Fraternity. *Dost not see my Hogs are so,* says the Country-man; *and how the Devil should I be otherwise, that drive 'em?* However, in the Conclusion of their Dialogue, a Bargain was struck up for a Leash of Porkers; which, as soon as paid for, were separated from the Herd; and to improve their Flesh against their Day of Execution, were sent to be nurs'd up in a neighbouring Yard, and strict Orders given, that no Pease should be wanting, that might enrich the Flesh to the utmost Delicacy; so that with their plentiful Allowance of dry Meat, together with the Advantages of a fat Dunghil, and a luscious House of Office at one Corner, that lay open to the Plunder of their Hoggish Voracity, where
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odoriferous Pancakes differently dress'd, some stew'd in Horse-pits, others bak'd in the Sun, were so numerously spread, that every Day they liv'd, they gormondiz'd on more Variety of Fritters, than a *London-Prentice* upon a *Shrove-Tuesday*; and now and then, for Change, swallow'd up an Oatmeal Pudding, reaking hot from the Stable, besides the wonderful Felicity they had in wallowing in Custard, like a hungry Citizen at a L— M—'s Feast; so that in a little Time they became such delicious Meat, that no *Smithfield* Porker against *St. Bartholomew's* Revels, fatted Bear-like, with Guts and Garbish, was ever such incomparable Food for a nice Appetite, as these were likely to prove.

The Tickets having timely been deliver'd out to the better Sort, at Three and Six-pence, and to others of lower Rank and Quality, at Half a Crown, who earning their Money by the Sweat of their Brows, thought 'em full dear enough at that Price: Also the Day of Solemnity being near at hand, and their fine muckhill-fed Shoats being in rare Order for the Slaughter, about two Days before the Day of Execution, they were commanded by the chief Rulers of the Feast, to be pinn'd up in a Sty, and for the little Remainder of their Lives, to be fed with nothing but Pudding-Meat, that is, Blood, Grits, and sweet Herbs, that when they were kill'd, and cut open, ready for *Barbacuing*, they might have nothing to do, according to *Scotch* Housewifry, but, by cutting and tying, to make the Guts into Hogs Puddings, which thro' their wonderful Hospitality, were to be given to the Poor of *Peckham* Parish, that they might lift up their Hands and their Eyes, and pray loudly for their Benefactors, and bless the bountiful good Christians that had distributed amongst 'em such a charitable Entertainment.

Having thus far resolv'd upon these admirable Measures, the Musick being provided, and all Things agreed upon

upon, that were necessary for the Feast, *Time* usher'd in the joyful Day, appointed in the Tickets, for the Company to assemble at the Sign of the *Red Cow* in the Town of *Peckham*, each being desir'd to bring along with him a whetted Knife, a sharp Stomack, a nimble Pair of Jaws, and good Grinders, in order to take Part of three *Barbuen'd* Pigs, nicely cook'd after the *Indian* Manner, and to be ready upon the Table exactly by one a Clock; to which shall be added, good Musick, and rare Punch, besides many notable Performances after Dinner, for the Diversion of the Company. You are contion'd to come within a Quarter of an Hour of the time specify'd, or to leave your Appetite behind you. In this sort of *Stile*, run the Purport of their Tickets, which were nobly illustrated with the Arms of the Society, being a Boar rampant, with his Pizze drawn, just going to Brim.

An officious Farmer, being mighty ambitious of doing something to be talk'd on, upon so memorable an Occasion, became Cornifex to the Grunters, and took upon him, with no little Ostentation, the Charge of the Execution, which he perform'd with such admirable Dexterity, by cutting the Throats of the poor condemn'd Porkers, that he was promis'd, by the two Commissaries, to be Strick-Big in Ordinary to the *Barbaque* Society, as long as their *Higgle de Piggled* Festival should be Annually supported. When he had thus dispatch'd his principal Business, with no less Applause from the Beholders, than Satisfaction to himself, he distributed the Hogs Puddings, according to Order, to the Poor of the Parish, with a mighty Commendation of their extraordinary Goodness; for which they thank'd him lovingly, but reply'd, according to the old Proverb, *That the Proof of the Pudding, would be in the Eating*, and so return'd Home with every one their Proportion of *Scotch* Charity, in order to experiment the Sweetness of their reeking Dainties.

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When the Butcherly Scene was over, and the Hogs scalded and dress'd, also split for Barbaquing, like so many Pidgeons for the Grid-Iron; a dexterous Bull-Calf of a Carpenter, who had been nurs'd up from his Infancy with red Cows Milk, undertook, by the Assistance of Hatchet and Hand-saw, to build a Wooden Range, that in Contempt of all Blacksmiths, should endure the Fire, and compleatly do the Office of a Kitchen-Grate, till the Litter of Pigs should be sufficiently broil'd, and by the penetrating Heat of lighted Charcoal, be made incomparable Food, fit for the Table of a *Sagamoor*.

When the diligent Artificer, by the Help of crutched Sticks, had finish'd his Undertaking, (for which curious Piece of Mechanick Workmanship, he deserv'd at least the Honour of being admitted a Member, of the *Royal Society*) up starts a cunning Apothecary, who (like *Pharaoh's* wife Men) came out of the *East* to be a Sharer in the Solemnity, and humbly petition'd the Stewards, in an eloquent Speech, stuff'd as full of hard Words and Cramboes, as a Powder Chest upon the Quarter Deck is full of crooked Nails, and rusty Tenterhooks, that the Superintendancy of the Cookery might be wholly resign'd to his discretionary Management, *Least*, says he, *the Pinguadinous Extrascency, which being very guttulous, should, when under a Dissolution, by the igniferous Particles that have their Ascendancy from the Charcoal, cause a fumiferous Effluvia, to add an unfavoury Gust to the three Porculent Creatures*; so that in plain *English*, their Dinner should be smoak'd by the Fat's falling into the Fire. This his learned Oration so prevail'd upon the Stewards, that in return, they told him, with all humble Complaisance, that no Man was more worthy of so great a Trust, than so knowing a Gentleman, as his Ingenious Self; for that he, who was so skilful in preparing Physick for the Sick, could, in their Opinions, be nothing less than an absolute Judge of what was wholesome

for the Healthy ; so that the Apothecary gain'd his Point, and was accordingly constituted by the Heads of the Feast, viz. Cook in ordinary to the *Barbacue Society*.

All Things being now in a great Forwardness for the Cookery, best Part of the Town of *Peckham* were disarm'd of their Spits, which were laid cross the Range, to supply the Want of a *St. Lawrence's Grid-Iron*; which was no sooner accomplish'd, but the Stoaker went to work, and by the Help of Breath and Bellows, blew up as rare a Charcoal Fire as ever was kindl'd in *Term-Time*, to roast Lines of Mutton for the hungry Fraternity of an Inns of Court or *Chancery*.

Every Thing being now in a Readiness for the culinary Galenist to exert his Talent, the Pig-hogs (for so I call 'em, being between both) were hoisted upon the Range by the understrapping Scullions, and after some Difficulty, being rightly plac'd, by the Cook's Direction, in that nice Order that was thought necessary, there they lay with the Fire under 'em, an Apple-Tree over 'em, and the Company round 'em, expressing as much Joy in their Looks and Actions, as a Gang of wild *Canibals*, who, when they have taken a Stranger, first dance round him, and afterwards devour him.

According to the *Indian* Fashion, they had made no Diminution of the Creatures, but in taking out their Intrails, for broiling, they lay, with their Heads, Tails, Pettitoes, and Hoofs on, to the Amazement of the Crowd, and the Honour of the Cook, who was firmly resolv'd to perform his Task *Secundum Artem*, in spite of all Contradiction, that the Remembrance of his Cookery should remain register'd upon the Palates of his Guest, and never to be blotted out by either *Scotch* Ignorance, or *Jewish* Superstition; but that the Pertakers of the Feast should be always ready to speak the wonderful Praises of a *Barbacu'd* Pig, tho' in the Presence of a stigmatiz'd
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Infidel, or a freckly Pedlar, who hate Swines-flesh as the Devil does Holy-Water.

No sooner were the sweating Carrot-mongers pretty well warm'd thro', but they began to prick up their magnificent Lugs, as an Ass does his Ears, when he meets a Brother on the Road; and their uncircumciz'd Tails being left the whole Length, so pluck'd up their Courage, by Virtue of the Fire, and curl'd so like a Bottle-Screw at the Tip, that every Stiffump, as it stood cock'd with the Heat, look'd like the venomous Tail of St. George's Dragon, with an ugly Sting at the End on't. In short, they made such monstrous Figures with their Heads and Hoofs on, that I was almost ready to think they were some of the gaddaret Swine which the Devil had pickled in Salt Water, and that his infernal Worship had brought them hither to be cook'd after a *Jamaica* Fashion, for his own proper Eating; for they broil'd and hiss'd, and so perfum'd the Air with their frowzy Effluvia's, that the very Steam of their dissolving Grease, drove three Families of *Jews* out of the Town of *Peckham*, for fear of being poyson'd, or at least polluted by the *Anti-Mosai-cal* Smell of those Dung-hill-raking Vermin, which the Devil, in a frantick Humour, once took Possession of.

The Company now began to tumble in apace, Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail, from the Dukedom of *Bermondsey*, the Broomary of *Kent-street*, the Merry-Banks of *Rotherhithe*, and the drunken Town of *Deptford*, flow'd in Shoals to *Peckham*, like Fools to my Lord Mayor's Show, or Butchers to a Bear-Garden; and as the Roasting of a Cat will attract to the same place, all the Pusses in the Neighbourhood, I found also, that the Broiling of a Hog was as effectual a Stratagem to draw all the Pork-headed Mortals within Scent of the Device, to behold the Wonder, and like the rest of their Brethren, to put in for a Snack.

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The Pigs now began to change their Colour, and look as brown on the Scabboard side, as the tawny Belly of an *Indian Squaw*, just painted over with yellow Oker and Bears-grease, so that warm Disputes arose amongst the crowding Spectators, whether it was, or it was not, high time to take 'em by the Hocks, and give 'em a Turn upon the Grid-Iron, 'till at last the head Controuler of the Cookery was over-rul'd in his Judgment, after so sawcy a manner, that every blundering Tarpaulin, that had but cross'd the Tropick of *Cancer*, and taken a *Negro* Wench by the short Wool, was ready to wrest his Office out of his Hand, and would, in spite of all Dissuasion, have a busy Finger in the Cook's Mess; that at last, in the mighty Hurly Burly about giving the Pigs the *Sommer set*, the Range to the great Disparagement of the Builder, gave way, and the unfortunate Food, for want of due Management, tumbled into the Fire. Now Oaths and Curses began to be as plentiful, as coarse Complements among Water-men, or foul Words at *Billingsgate*, every Body so earnestly striving who should give the best Assistance, that some, like the Hogs, fell into the Coals, and came so lamely off with scorch'd Legs, and burnt Knuckles, that the very Heat of the Fire turn'd their Appetites from their Dinners. However, after much Pains, and many Curses, the Supporters were restor'd to their primitive Uprightness, and the Pigs reinstated in their proper Places, to the wonderful Satisfaction of the gazing Crowd, who by this time were all as busy about their Heathenish Coquination, as a Hundred *Welsh* Cooks at that famous *Cambrian* Feast, where they set fire to a long Hedge, and fifty standing on one side, and fifty on the other, every Man toasted his own Cheese.

Their *American* Kickshaw coming now finely forward, and broiling curiously, to the whole Company's Content, the *Æsculapian* Cook, to shew his wonderful Judgment

in that weighty Affair he had so generously undertaken, had prepar'd *Secundum Artem*, and according to the *Indian* Fashion, a most admirable Composition of Green *Virginia* Pepper, and *Madera* Wine, with many other palatable Ingredients, unknown to *Pontack*, *Locket*, or the greatest Beau-Cook between *Drury-Lane* Play-house, and *St. James's* Chappel, which he so plentifully daub'd on with a Fox's Tail ty'd on to a long Stick, that his back and fore-Stroak Motion, together with his new-fashion Baisting-Ladle, made him look like a *Smithfield* Cook, with a Fly-flap in his Hand, banging away the Flesh-flies, and the Blew-bottles, from tumbling into his Pig-Sawce.

By this time a hungry Set of stroling Minstrels with Hawks Eyes, and Puritanical Jaws, came cringing into Company, by the Stewards Appointment, doubly qualify'd with Reed and Cats-guts, that they might be the better able to terrify their Auditory with the confounded Variety of Squeak and Diddle, or if you'll have it in plain *English*, with Hautboy and Fiddle; but the Bellies of the Company, as yet, being not fat enough to dispense with such an airy Entertainment, as a Mess of Musick, the Brethren of the String, not caring how much of their Idleness the Company would admit of, hung up their Instruments upon the Apple-Trees in the Orchard, as so many ominous Signs, *We should have damn'd Musick before they had done with us, or else they ought not to have trusted their Fiddles so near that evil Fruit, that first brought Mankind into a State of Damnation*; therefore it was but reasonable to infer, that they knew not how to use 'em. This Notion I confess is a little too far fetch'd; but what Flesh alive is able to think of an Apple, and not remember the Folly of our first Parents.

By this time the Tables were finish'd, upon old Butts, Hogsheads, and Tressels, beg'd, bought, and borrow'd, for

for the same Purpose; and the chief Butler, with his Mates and Assistance, began in most ample manner to spread their Linnen, which consisted of more Variety, than an old Beggar-Woman's patch'd Smock, for there was one Lay of Diaper, another of Flaxen, with here and there a Home-spun Sheet, as if all the good House-wives in *Peckham* had contributed a Moity of their Spinning-Wheel Industry, to ech out a Table-Cloth, for the Honour of the Feast; some Pieces looking as white as Snow, some as yellow as Saffron, some as brown as Sack-Cloth, and others as blue as Indico, that when the Linnen was spread, it display'd almost as great a Diversity of Colours, as ever were interwoven in a Herauld's Mantle, or a Fool's Jacket. Napkins were thought useless, because, as the Guest were chiefly Mariners and Sea-men, it was highly presum'd, by the Commissaries and Stewards, that every Man would be so cleanly, as to bring an Okum Towel in his Pocket. Finger and Thumb was to do the Office of Forks, and he that had not the Wit to bring a Knife with him, was very likely to be punish'd with the Curse of *Tantalus*, and to return Home as Crop-sick from a Feast, as if he had kept Fast all Day. Instead of Spoons, for the Apple-Sawce and Gravy, here and there a Ladle was plac'd in great Order, bought at *Charleton* by some of the Cuckolds in the Company, upon last *Horn-Fair-Day*, and brought hither upon this Consideration, *viz.* that one of the Society had a Diabolical Stomach, and therefore the rest had need of long Spoons, that were to eat with the Devil.

All Things being now in Order, and the promiscuous Rout totally assembled, the hungry Society began a second Time to cavel with *Domine Assa-Fatida*, about the Readiness of his Cookery, insomuch that the sweating Overseer of the broiling Porkers, was forc'd to tell 'em in *Kerbo Medici*, That the Objects of their Concupiscence should
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be instantly transferr'd from the culinary Premises, to the appointed Place of Mastication; which is, says he, (Gentlemen) in plain English, as much as to say, viz. that the Food you desire, shall be sent you presently to the Table. With that, the whole Company gave a joyful Shout, like a Protestant Rabble burning Popish Trinkets, and of a sudden drew their Roach belly'd Knives, with as much Courage and Alacrity, as a Parcel of drunken Dutch-Men going to Snicker-Snee; some, like true English-Men, whittling the Trenchers, and making Whirligigs of the Plates, whilst others of the Cormorants, more wise and wary, fell to sharpening their Blades upon the upper Leathers of their Shoes.

Whilst the greatest Part of the Company were thus busy'd, the Medicinal *Coquins*, with the Pains he had taken, being almost stew'd in his own *Serum*, call'd out with an audible Voice for, *The Carver, the Carver*, which was no sooner done, but up starts an *Herculean* Lubber, arm'd Headsman like, with a well-ground Ax, and shoving the People one way and the other, as if they had been *Pigmies*, he clears his Way thro' the Crowd, and advances near the Fire, where a huge Log, instead of a Chopping-Block, was laid ready for the Purpose. When the rough-hewn Dissector had thus taken his Post, the Supervisor of the Grid-Iron commanded his Assistance to hand the dripping Swine from the Range to the Dresser, which was a long Piece of Timber, upon which the good House-wife of the Family us'd to thump her shitten Clouts, for the saving of Soap, with an unmerciful washing Beetle. As fast as the Hogs were brought to hand, the *Carver* dispatch'd his Office with abundance of Dexterity, and hew'd the Flitches into Messes for the ravenous Society as handsomely as if he had serv'd a Prenticeship in an Inns of Court Kitchen, where they cut Sirloyns into Chumps for the Benchers Table; but at every Blow he struck,

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(crying Hem, like young *Colly* cleaving a Beam) he made the scalding Fat and Gravy so fly about the Crowd, that it blister'd the Faces of some, and greas'd the Cloths of others, that many damn'd the Feast before they had tasted of the Victuals.

Their dainty *Barbacud* Pigs being now dish'd up in Quarters, the Assembly sharp-set, began to scramble for their Places, so that after a little Jostling and Elbowing, the Company were seated at their Tables, and the huge Platters of Pork were plac'd thereon by such a sturdy Gentleman Shower, that tho' he had never the Honour to serve dissenting Quality, yet in respect to the Rump, (thro' good Manners to the Times) he turn'd the Tail of every Pig towards the upper End of the Table, as if the merry Knave had a mind to let the *High-Flyers* see, by this notable Hieroglyphick, that the most humble part, in spite of their Contempt, should be once more exalted.

The Minstrels, with their *French* Cat-calls, having given Notice by an introductory March, that the Dinner was dancing to the Board, some came running with all speed from behind the neighbouring Hedges, with their Breeches in their Hands, having been emptying their Guts, to make the more Room for the good Chear, that they might have a Belly full for their Money ; others, who had been whetting their Stomachs with Coages of Brandy, came licking their Lips in all haste, with their Knives ready drawn, as if they were desperately bent to cut the Throat of any Man that should be a stumbling Block in their Passage. In short, every Man that had Legs, made the best of his way to the Table, so that the whole Company were collected in a Minute ; which was no sooner done, but there arose amongst 'em such a heavy Out-cry for Bread and Salt, as if the provident Stewards had most wisely considered, that such dainty Victuals needed no such Sawce to recommend it to the Palate ; and indeed so
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'twas a Sign, for before the savory Conveniences could be hurry'd to the Board, what with hacking and hewing, flivering and slicing, there was scarce Meat enough left to satisfy the slender Appetites of three or four toothless Alms-women; every Man being so greedily intent upon the delicious Rarity, that whilst he was feeding himself with one Hand, he had another upon the Brim of the Platter, that their Fingers standing so close together, (some endeavouring to turn the Dish one way, and some another) look'd like a Fence of Pails round a Noble-man's Park. Their Stomacks were a little too sharp to admit of time enough to crave a Blessing on their Food, but all fell to, as 'tis likely some of their Parents had done before 'em, that is, without saying Grace. The whole Society eat as if it was for a Wager; nor could the Loathsomness of their Musick, turn their Stomacks, tho' they squeak'd and tooted, as if they play'd on purpose to imitate a Consort of Pigs, whilst the double Curtil, like the Grunting of an old Boar, made the Harmony the Baser. At last a Sea-Commander (who I suppose had heard a more tolerable Noise on Board his own Wooden Territories) got up from the Table in a great Fury, before he had half din'd, and running to the Pipers, *Nouns*, says he, *you Cater-wowling Rogues, the Bears on the Bank-side us'd to have better Musick than you give us; you Land-lubbering tooting Dogs, either Pipe all this back again, that you have play'd, or by Castor and Pollux, I'll send for a Cat of Nine-tails for you.* The leading Performer of the Windy Consort, having more Courage than the rest, very pertly reply'd, *And please you, Noble Captain, that's impossible.* Why then, *Sirrah*, says the Commander, *unplay what you have play'd, or by the Dragon's Tail, we'll Barbacue you as we've done the Pigs.* That's much the same thing as t'other, says the Minstrel; and indeed, Noble Captain, not to be perform'd; but we can play you a rare Sea-

Sea-Roundelay, if you please to hear us. What call it ye ? asks the Salt-water Monarch. *The Commander's Lamentation for the Loss of his Rudder,* replies the Jocular Fidler ; or, *The Sea-Captain Burnt by a Wapping-Fireship.* Hush, hush, you Rogue, crys the Brawny Tarpaulin, don't let the Company know the Name of the Tune ; there's half a Crown for you. So away return'd the Mariner to his place, as silent as a Mouse, and during the whole Time of the Revels, found no farther Fault with the Musick.

The Company, by this time, Messilana-like, being rather tir'd, than satisfy'd, gave Orders, that the Musick, instead of the Beggars, might have the picking of the Scraps, remembering, *that he is a surly Dog, that will not be glad to pick a Bone after his Master.* No sooner were the Dishes remov'd, but up starts a merry Fellow, and applying himself to the Board, told the Society, with humble Submission, *That tho' they had a kind of a Heathenish Feast, which they began like a parcel of ungodly Indians, without any Grace before Meat, yet now their Bellies were full, it was highly necessary, as they were Christians, to shew they had some Grace amongst 'em, in returning of Thanks after.* Agreed, cry'd the Company in a general Voice, *and you are the Man that we pitch upon for our Chaplain.* By our leave then, says the Deputy, who having a Rhiming Knack, began in Verse the following Thanksgiving.

*The Pigs we have eat,
Were most delicate Meat,
Good Heaven be praised for 'em ;
But you tore 'em, Adswounds,
So like Hogs, and like Hounds,
'Twould have made a nice Stomach abhor 'em.
Tho' they're gone, as we think,
Yet, for want of good Drink,*

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*They may rise in our Stomachs hereafter:
 Then in Punch, or good Wine,
 Let us drown our three Swine,
 As the Devil did his in Salt-water.*

Amen, cry'd the whole Society, and flung up their Caps with as much Joy as a City-mob at an *Exchange-Bonfire*. No sooner was the Dinner concluded with this merry chiming Scrap of Dogril, instead of a better Grace, but according to the Wishes of the whole Company, several Pails full of Salubrious Punch was serv'd up after a homely Fashion, like Hog-wash to the Table, tho' usher'd in after an extraordinary manner, *viz.* before the Buckets, which (tho' they were fill'd with Nectar) were stain'd without side of a Soap-suds Colour, came the Musick, like Fiddlers on a *May-day* before a Milk-Pail, one of *Amphyon's* Bastards having got a Trumpet, with which the Dunderhead made such a confounded Farting, that a Dairy of Cows grazing in the next Field, thought, I suppose, that he had sounded to Arms; whereupon they run Horn-mad, and fell to goaring one another, as if the Devil was in 'em. Behind the Musick, came two or three Commanders, well skill'd in Punch-Discipline, arm'd with huge Logs upon their Shoulders, as a cautionary Hieroglyphick, to signify to the whole Company, that the powerful *Diapente* they were leading in amongst 'em, was made so terribly strong, that it would knock a Man down like any huge Club, if he did not guard himself against it by the Vertue of MODERATION. After these, came a comical *Jack-Adams*, with a Drum made of an old rusty Dripping-Pan, and for his Drum-sticks, the Carrionly Shanks of a dead Horse pick'd clean by the Dogs, which he had borrow'd from some Tit's Skeliton, by accident lying in a neighbouring Ditch at rest from his Labour. With these confounded Instruments of Discord, the merry

merry frolicksome Drum-Major beat such a damnable Alarm, that an old Country Beldam ringing a Brass Warming Pan after a Swarm of Bees, was Musick for a Prince to it. Which abominable Noise having the double Advantage of a hoarse Trumpet, and the squalling Hautboys, that had the marry'd Devil *Belfegar*, but tasted of their Harmony, he would have fled a second Time, for fear his Lady had been coming. The Liquor, after this ceremonious Manner, being usher'd to the Table, *Why, Gentlemen,* said I, *will you suffer your selves to be serv'd after so Swinish a Fashion? Why have you not the Punch-Bowls, instead of Pails, for the good Creature? Oh! by no means,* crys the most learned of the Commissaries, *for as it is a Pig-Feast, the more Hoggishly we are serv'd, the more agreeable. I protest,* said I, *a most excellent Reason, that I never yet dreamt of. I am well satisfy'd without farther Questions.*

The Tipple being now in a compleat Readiness, and a Beggars wooden Porridge-Dish being the Measure of the Draught, the right Hand Commissary, at the upper End of the Table, willing to shew his Judgment in Affairs Marshal, fill'd his Cup to the Brim, and put the generous Bumper under the following Discipline, viz.

Handle your Hat, advance your Hat from your Head, ground your Hat, quit your Hat; handle your Cup with your right Hand, join your left Hand to your Cup, advance your Cup Mouth-high, join your Cup to your under Lip, recover your Cup, open your Mouth, cleanse your upper Lip with the Tip of your Tongue, gape wide, the Queen's Health, swallow, recover your Cup, face your Cup, extend your Cup, ground your Cup, quit your Cup; fill a Bumper to your left Hand Man.

After the fore-going Manner, the Company being instructed by their Leader, the Cup pass'd about the Table the first Round, every Body grinning and sneering at the

pretty Whim, which, to most of the Members, prov'd an acceptable Novelty.

By that time the capacious Goblet had gone round the Board about half a Dozen times, still season'd with some Health or other, that was grateful to the Company, up starts a merry Gentleman, and pulling his broad-brim'd Hat into the puritannical Flip-flap, and screwing up his Countenance to a very grave Pitch of Hypocrisy, he very zealously undertakes to deliver to the fiery-fac'd Brethern of the Porkheaded Congregation, a very useful Lecture, according to the fanatical Gift of Spiritual Inspiration, as follows.

Brethren, and no Saints, but Sinners; look into the ninth Book of the Prophet Daniel, the thirty fourth Page, and there you will find, in Capital Letters, these Words written;

MODERATION, a VERTUE.

The Reasons why I chuse these Words, upon this solemn Occasion, are very many; but for divers, doublefold, and manifold, sundry, powerful, and prevailing Considerations within my self, I shall shew you but few of them, the first of which, is, Because Satan is at hand, that Lover of Persecution; for tho' he enter'd not the Swine, upon which we plentifully feasted, yet you will surely find him in the Pumph; which you swallow by whole Pail-fulls, and still lye grunting for more Guzzle, as if you were bent to drown your selves in your own Hog-wash, without the Devil's driving.

The second and last Reason, is, That if your lustful Appetites, these Seducers of the Flesh, by the Assistance of the evil Spirit, should lead you into Temptation, so that the Vapours which arise from your inebrious Cups, should extinguish the Light of Grace, over-power weak Nature, cast a Mist before your Eyes, and darken your Understandings;

ings; that you may still behave your selves with that due MODERATION one towards another, that becomes good Christians, and good Fellows; and these are the principal Motives, that induc'd me to lay before you these excellent Words, MODERATION, a VERTUE.

But it remains now necessary, that as far as my present Purpose requires, I should first explain, to you that are ignorant, what MODERATION is, and why it is a Vertue so much talk'd on in this dissembling Age, and so little practis'd. But first I shall tell you what it is not, and by that you will the better understand what it truly is. In the first place, MODERATION is not, whilst others are playing at See-saw, to stand as a Jack of both Sides, in the middle, and so by adding your own Weight to the lightest Side, make them heaviest that most flatter you.

MODERATION is not, to thrash in your Cloak carelessly, to do the Work of a Christian negligently, and to serve him that made you, with as much Indifference as Dol danc'd; 'tis not to behave your self like a Water-man, to look one way, and row another, for that's the standing Policy of a Hypocrite.

MODERATION, in its genuine Sense, is not a sanctify'd Cloak for double dealing; 'twas not design'd to fill the Mouths of the Saints, whilst their Hands were carrying on a violent Persecution; it is not a Lip-Salve for Dissemblers, to make their Words healing, whilst their Deeds are wounding; it is not a gilded Pill, to entice the Innocent from the Stedfastness of the Truth, and to delude Fools into a wavering Shilly-shally; it is not to confound the Ignorant with a stupid Indifference, that shall place them in a Medium, betwixt Hawk and Buzzard; it is not to squint nine ways at once, to hault betwixt two Opinions, and not to know your Lord G—d from Tom Bell; in short, it is none of these Things, therefore I shall now proceed to tell you what I think it is. MODERATION is a Vertue that
should

should govern all your Passions; it is a Boundary to your Zeal, that it runs not into Superstition, Bigottry, and Enthusiasm; 'tis a Restraint upon your Anger, that it runs not into Malice, Violence, and Madness; 'tis a Check upon your Love, that it grows not into Lust, Licentiousness, and Indecency; 'tis a Guide to your Frugality, that it leads you not into Avarice, Usury, and a Self-Denial of what's necessary; it is a Bridle to your Bounty, that it runs not into a riotous Excess, or a regardless Extravagance; it is a Director of your Charity, that it ends not in Recantance, Vanity, or Ostentation. In short, it is a compleat Governor of all your Passions, and ought to be your daily Mensurator of all your Actions. Therefore, by the excellent Wheel of MODERATION, I shall spin forth this following Advice, and so conclude.

Be moderate in the Chastisement of your Enemies, least at one time or other, if you use them with Severity, they should have Power to be even with you.

Be moderate in your Affections to your Friends, least your Partiality to them, should cause you to do Injustice to others, who have never injur'd you.

Be moderate in your Eating, and moderate in your Cups, for by an inordinate Excess, you loose the Benefit of both, and turn that which would otherwise be a Pleasure, into the worst of Punishments. [Enter Punch.] But behold the good Creature flows in Pails-full upon us; yet I say, be moderate, in spite of all Temptation.

Be moderate in your Benevolence to your Wives, for they are loving Creatures. Be moderate in the Correction of your Children, for they are young and tender.

I say, be moderate in all your Dealings, for MODERATION is a Vertue.

No sooner was the Lecture ended, but the merry Gentleman, who had done the Office of a Chaplain, strips off

off his Puritannical Habilements, and of a suddain so metamorphos'd his feign'd Gravity into an airy Deportment, that he leap'd from his Seat, and became, in a Minute, as frolicksome as a *Merry-Andrew*, entertaining the Company with such a comical Variety of antick Dances, that a Man would have thought him compounded of half a Dozen *Jack-Puddings* thrust into one Skin.

As soon as this Scene was ended, up starts a huge Whistle-booby Boatswain, with a Voice as hoarse and as deep as the Diapason of St. *Paul's* Organ, and plucking his Silver Call out of his Pocket, commanded three Cheers from the Company, which were accordingly given, with the Brandish of the Hat, and as much Grace as if some haughty Admiral, in Honour to their Hoggish Feast, had been strutting into their Society.

The *Punch* now, after this little Respit, was as plentifully dish'd about, as *Sack* at a Vintner's Christening of his first Child, 'till every Man, in a little time, began to be as Great as a Lord, and to lay aside the Thoughts of ever working again, 'till a sober Opportunity. Of a suddain up starts two *Rotherhithe* Lighter-Men, equally inspir'd, both very light-headed, but damnable heavy-heel'd, yet, to shew their Willingness to divert the Company, they would have a merry Dance, tho' they run the Hazard of beating their Noddles together, like a couple of jealous Rams in a butting Battel, both so very drunk, that either were unable to lift a Leg from the Ground, without hazarding an Arm, by a Fall upon the Greensword; yet they would Dance, tho' their lubberly Performances came far short of the *Polander's* Bears, and would punish the Company over and over with their antick Tricks, tho' the best of their nauseous Gambols, and ridiculous Figaries, would have been scandalous in a Monkey.

Some, by this time, were got to Cards, by the subtil Inducement of a Sea-Commander, a Man of such excellent

excellent Conduct and Contrivance, that he never spent half a Crown in his Life, without projecting some way or other to get five Shillings in the Sequel of his Generosity.

Some to the break-Leg Exercise of Wrestling, which was so admirably well perform'd between a diminutive Pigmy, made a Gyant by the *Punch*, and a strapping Brick-layer, about the height of a Paring-shovel, that the laughing Spectators were very much diverted; at last the aspiring Plant, being damnably teas'd with his little Shrub of an Adversary, he catches hold of him with one Hand, and gives him a Toss under the contrary Arm, as an Attorney does his green Bag, and away he runs with him down the Orchard, and flings him upon the Top of an old Hen-roost, where he was forc'd to run the hazard of his Neck in jumping down again.

The Musick now were order'd, by the Stewards, to entertain the Company with a Consort, which accordingly they attempted; but such a mighty Quarrel arose about their Book-skill, that they could not fadge by any means, tho' scarce one of 'em understood a Crotchet from a Cumundrum, or a Minim from an Occumy-Spoon, so that the Audience were forc'd to be contented with their former Variety, of Whit, Whet, Scrape, Squeak, hey Diddle-diddle; the bawle all the while swearing, Zounds upon one String, as if he was angry at their Discord. This, to those that heard it, was as delightful as better, for according to the old Proverb, *a Surreverence for a Sow, is as good as a Pancake*. However, notwithstanding the Indifference of the Performance, such a mighty Contest arose about who should sit nearest the Fiddles, that a mutinous *Tonsor* knock'd one of the Commissaries down as flat as a Cow-turd, for squeeing into a Seat betwixt him and the Musick; but the couragious Cooper recovering his mortal Cask from the Astonishment of the

the Blow, and raising himself up on End, stood so stoutly upon his own Bottom, that he hoop'd the Barber, till he lather'd him in Blood and Snivel, and made him, with humble Submission, cry, *Peccavi* before the whole Company.

The Confort being ended, the Word of Command was given, *viz. Face about to the Punch, handle your Cups: Nouns, Boys, we'll see the last of it, be it a Mile to the Bottom:* But by that time they had smoak'd a Pipe round, dish'd it plentifully about, and delighted one another for an Hour, with Squabbles, Wrangles, bawdy Stories, and Debates, they all began to look as glorious as a Cluster of lighted Torches, waiting at a Dead-monger's Door to attend a Funeral. At last up starts a jolly Bisket-cracking Mortal, and drawing out of his Pocket a huge Bucks-horn handl'd Knife, he brandishes it round his Head, instead of a Cutlice, appoints the Company to be his Ships-crew, who were to answer as the Sea-men; then commanding Silence, he entertain'd us very notably with the Humours of a Sea-fight, after the following Manner:

Gentlemen, we are here employ'd and maintain'd by her Majesty Queen Ann and our Country, to do our Endeavours to keep this Coast from PyracY and Robbers, and her Majesty's Enemies; and it is our Fortime to meet this Skip at this time: Therefore I desire you, in her Majesty's Name, and for the sake of our Country, and the Honour of our English Nation, and our selves, for every Man to behave himself courageously, like English-men, and not to have the least shew of a Coward, but to observe the Words of Command, and do his utmost Endeavour. Into God's Hands we commit our Cause, and our Selves. So every Man to his Quarters, shew your Courage, and God be with you.

She fettles her Top-sails; we are within shot; let all our Guns be loose in the Tackles; and the Ports all knockt open, that we may be ready to run out our Guns, when the Word is given. Up Noise of Trumpets, and hail our Prize; she answereth again with her Trumpets; hold fast Gunner, do not fire 'till we hail them with our Voices. Port, edge towards him; he fires his Broad-side upon us. What cheer, my Hearts? Is all well betwixt Decks? Yea, yea, only he rak'd us through and through. No force; it is his turn next; but give not Fire until we are within Pistol-shot. Port, edge towards him; he plies his Small-shot; hold fast Gunner. Port, right your Helm; we will run up his Side; Starboard a little; give Fire, Gunner. That was well done. This Broad-side hath made their Deck thin; but the Small-shot at first did gaul us. Clap in some Case-shot in the Guns you are now a loading. Brace too the Fore-top-sail, that we may not shoot a-head: He lies broad off to the Southward, to bring his other Broad-side to bear upon us. Starboard hard. Get to the Larboard Fore-tack; trim your Top-sail; run out your Larboard Guns. He fires his Starboard Broad-side upon us; he pours in his Small-shot. Starboard; give not Fire until he fall off, that the Prize may receive our full Broad-side. Steady: Port a little; give Fire, Gunner; his Fore-mast is by the Board. This last Broad-side hath done great Execution. Chearly, my Mates, the Day will be ours; he is shot a-head; he bears up before the Wind, to stop his Leaks: Keep her thus; well steered. Port, Port hard; bear up before the Wind, that we may give him our Starboard Broad-side. Gunner, is there great store of Case-shot and Langrel in our Guns? Yea, yea. Port, make ready to board him; have your Lashers clear, and able Men with them. Edge towards him when you give Fire: Bring your Guns to bear amongst his Men with the Case-shot. Well steered; we are close

close on Board. Give Fire, Starboard; well done, Gunner; they lie Heads and Points aboard the Chafe. Come, Board him bravely; Enter, enter. Are you lashed fast? Yea, yea. We will have him before we go hence. Cut up the Decks; ply your Hand-Grenadoes and Stink-Pots. He crys out, Quarter; Quarter for our Lives, and we will yield up Ship and Goods. Good Quarter is granted, provided you will lay down all your Arms, open the Hatches, hawl down all your Sails, and furl them. Loose the Lashings; we will sheer off our Ship, and hoist out our Shallop. If you offer to make any Sail, expect no Quarter for your Lives. Go with the Shallop, and send Aboard the Captain, Lieutenant, and Master and Mates, with as many more as the Shallop will carry.

When they had thus taken their Prize, they concluded their Adventure with her Majesty's Health, and seem'd all as well pleas'd, as if their Enterprize had been real.

The Company, by this time, being most of them fuddled'd, and Disorders and Confusions beginning to arise, one of the Commissaries thought fit to advance his Carcase upon a green Log, like a Two-penny Mountebank in a Country Corporation, and to dissolve the Society after the following Manner.

Hick-up. Gentlemen, since you are most of you so drunk, you can neither stand nor go, I think it is high time you should all walk Home, least, by running a-head, you should fall into the Ditches; for I plainly foresee, if you stay any longer, you'll all be gone presently; to prevent which, I dismiss you for this Time, 'till our next merry Meeting. But all you that paid but half a Crown for your Tickets, must give to the Stewards your Twelve Pence apiece more, or be

